Upshot
GRAPHICS

PART 3 OF A
4-PART SERIES

$2.00
($2.85 In Canada)

JAN STRNAD & DENNIS FUJITAKE

FLESH & BONES

FEATURING

Dalgoda

FLESH & BONES

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Dennis Fujitake, artist
Mark Wheatley and Kathryn Mayer, colorists
Carrie Spiegle, letterer

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

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Events to Date:

En route to the planet Demmeon in search of **Dalgoda's** lost people, **Navigator Judith Stark** was contacted by angels. Accompanied (or possessed) by one of the angels, Stark has been given her own mission on Demmeon.

Also lurking on Demmeon—a contingent of hostile alien **Nimp**.

The installment of "The BoJeffries Saga" appearing this issue was originally published in black and white in the British magazine *Warrior* #19, June 1984.

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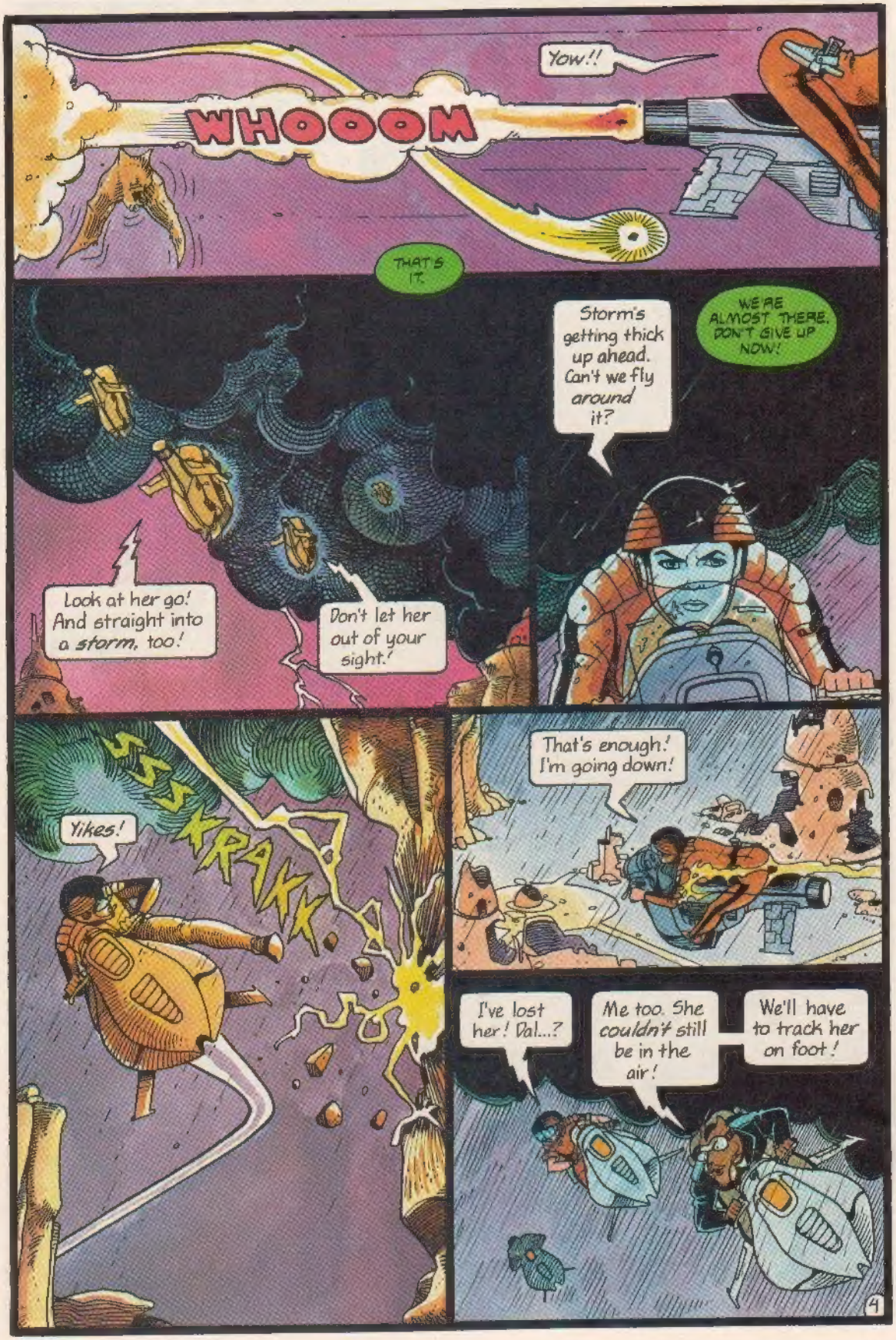
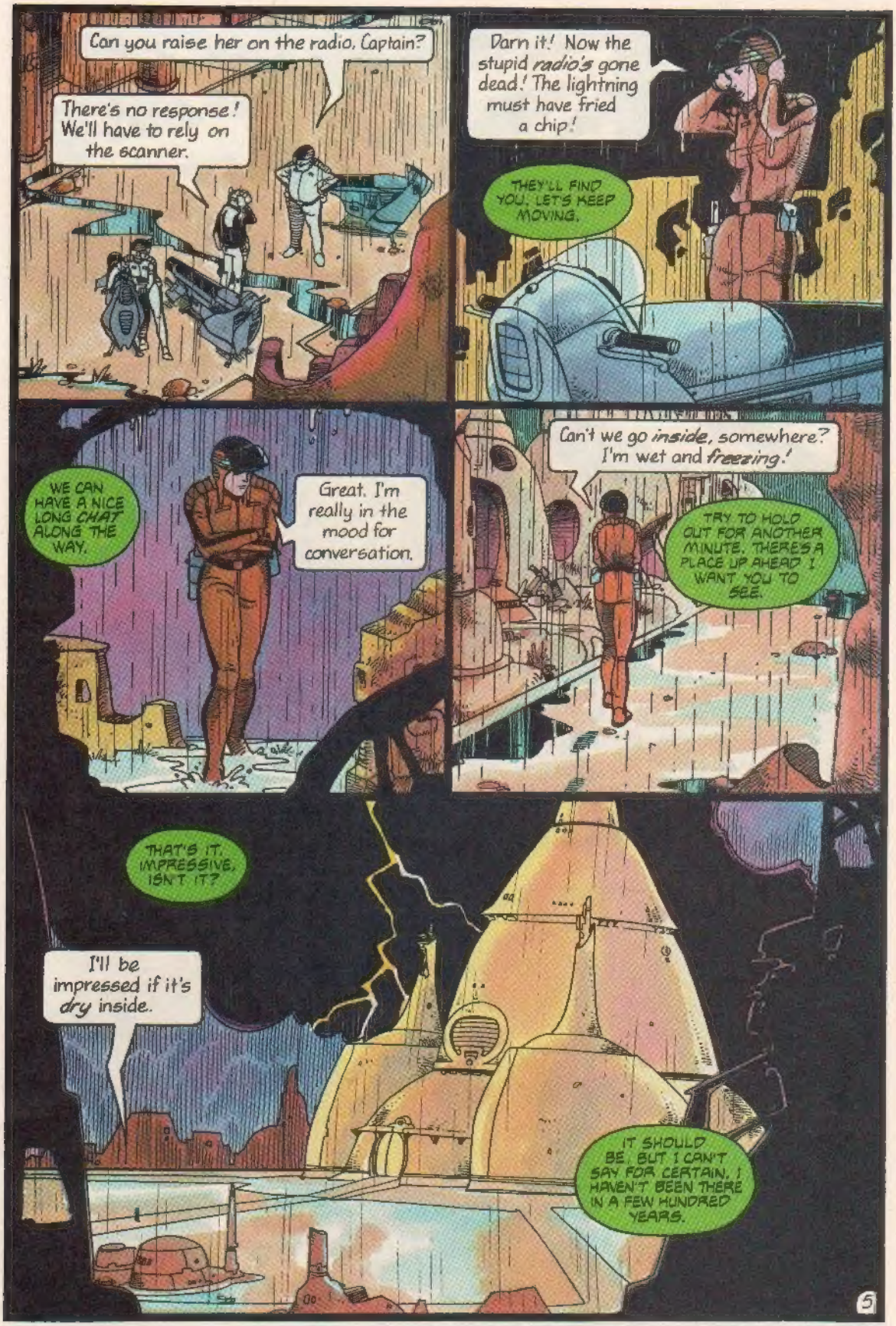
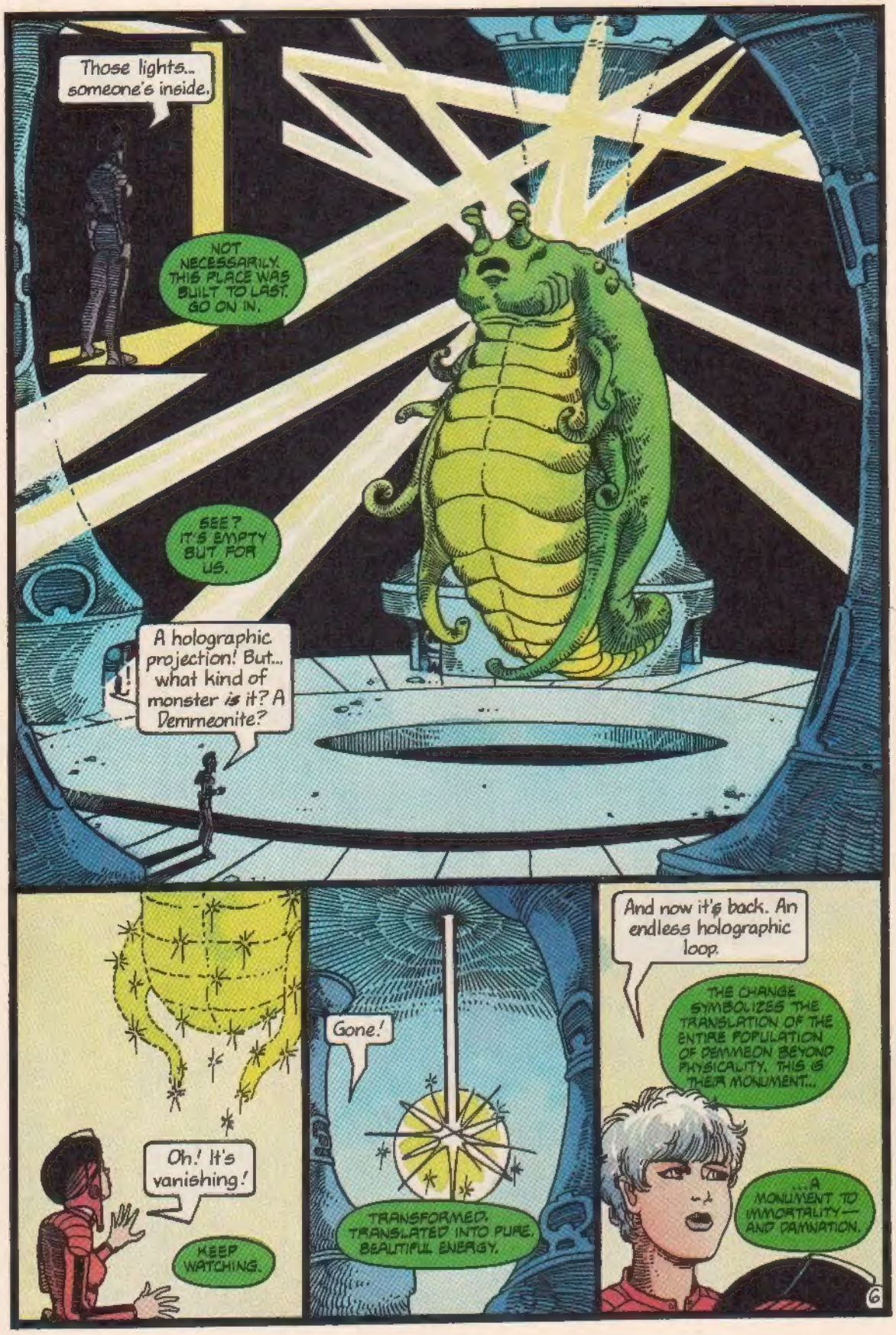
I don't know, Val. lifeform readings can be misleading...
We might find your fellow Canidans—or we could wind up in a nest of Nimp!
So much the worse for them. I kicked Nimp tail to get here and I'll kick it again if I get the chance!
The more I think about it, Gunner, the madder I get! They wrecked my planet...chased off my people...!
They've cost me everything! Everything!
1

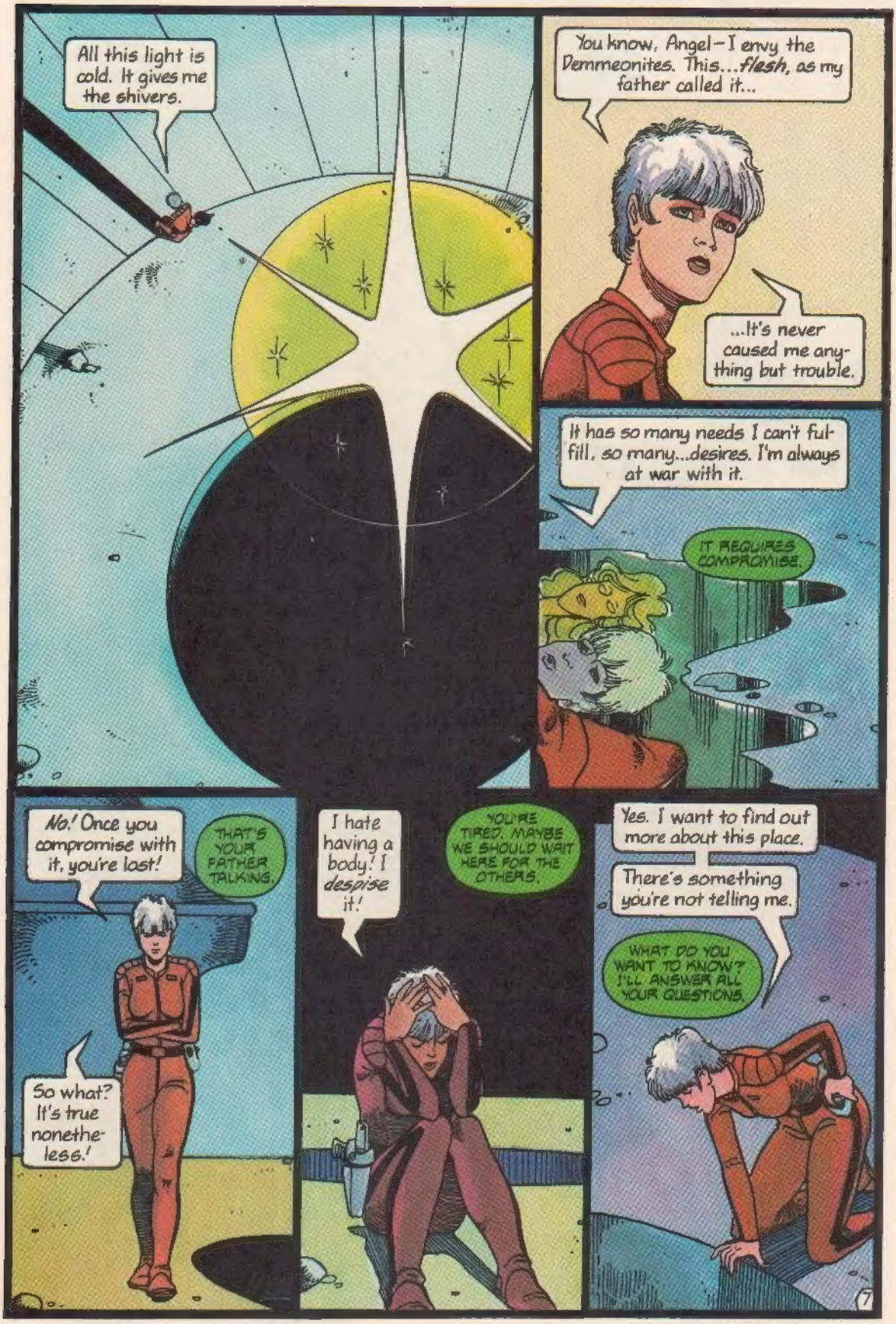
So why do you figure Stark was so hot to come along? And why'd she insist on bringing the good Reverend with her?
Something's driving her...that thing she calls her "angel." It wants her on Demmeon.
And these days she won't step behind a bush without her religious advisor!
I shouldn't have let her talk me into it, but she was so...so fervent!
Well, nothing to do now but to--what's the phrase? --"play with our fingers?"
Uhmm... play out our hand. It means finishing the game even when your cards stink.
We'll see whose cards stink.
FLY FASTER, JUDITH. TAKE THE LEAD.
Dal leads, Angel. He's the Captain.
THIS IS YOUR MISSION NOW. I'LL GUIDE YOU.
2

You're talking insubordination, you know. If you weren't an angel...
KEEP FAITH WITH ME, JUDITH. THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT.
Talking to herself again...
JUST OVER THE NEXT HILL, VEER 45° TO THE LEFT.
Okay, I'll do it...but I don't like it.
Stark! Where are you going? You're out of formation!
TELL HIM TO FOLLOW.
Follow me, Captain!
Captain? What's the order?
We can't just let her wander off alone....!
Follow, damn it!
Are they coming?
YES. STAY AHEAD OF THEM. FULL THROTTLE!
3


WHOOOM
Yow!!
THAT'S IT.
Look at her go! And straight into a *storm*, too!
Don't let her out of your sight!
Storm's getting thick up ahead. Can't we fly *around* it?
WE'RE ALMOST THERE. DON'T GIVE UP NOW!
SSSKRAKK
Yikes!
That's enough! I'm going down!
I've lost her! Dal...?
Me too. She *couldn't* still be in the air!
We'll have to track her on foot!
4


Can you raise her on the radio, Captain?
There's no response! We'll have to rely on the scanner.
Darn it! Now the stupid radio's gone dead! The lightning must have fried a chip!
THEY'LL FIND YOU. LET'S KEEP MOVING.
WE CAN HAVE A NICE LONG CHAT ALONG THE WAY.
Great. I'm really in the mood for conversation.
Can't we go inside, somewhere? I'm wet and freezing!
TRY TO HOLD OUT FOR ANOTHER MINUTE. THERE'S A PLACE UP AHEAD I WANT YOU TO SEE.
THAT'S IT. IMPRESSIVE, ISN'T IT?
I'll be impressed if it's dry inside.
IT SHOULD BE. BUT I CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN. I HAVEN'T BEEN THERE IN A FEW HUNDRED YEARS.

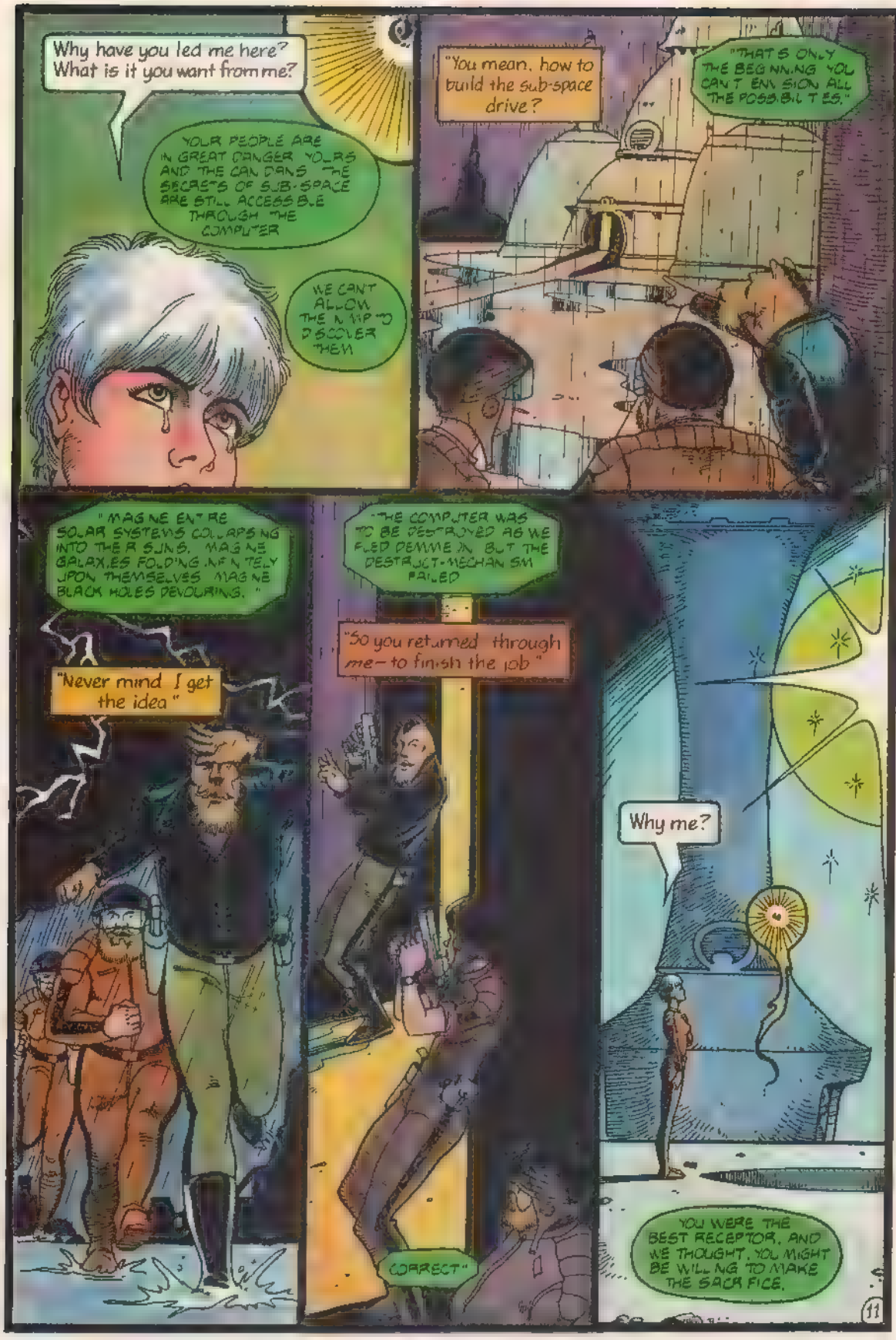

Those lights... someone's inside.
NOT NECESSARILY. THIS PLACE WAS BUILT TO LAST. GO ON IN.
SEE? IT'S EMPTY BUT FOR US.
A holographic projection! But... what kind of monster is it? A Demmeonite?
Oh! It's vanishing!
KEEP WATCHING.
Gone!
TRANSFORMED. TRANSLATED INTO PURE, BEAUTIFUL ENERGY.
And now it's back. An endless holographic loop.
THE CHANGE SYMBOLIZES THE TRANSLATION OF THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF DEMMEON BEYOND PHYSICALITY. THIS IS THEIR MONUMENT...
...A MONUMENT TO IMMORTALITY— AND DAMNATION.
6


All this light is cold. It gives me the shivers.
You know, Angel—I envy the Demmeonites. This...*flesh*, as my father called it...
...It's never caused me anything but trouble.
It has so many needs I can't fulfill, so many...desires. I'm always at war with it.
IT REQUIRES COMPROMISE.
No! Once you compromise with it, you're lost!
THAT'S YOUR FATHER TALKING.
So what? It's true nonetheless.
I hate having a body! I *despise* it!
YOU'RE TIRED. MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT HERE FOR THE OTHERS.
Yes. I want to find out more about this place.
There's something you're not telling me.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW? I'LL ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS.

This isn't just a projector—it's a pit. How deep is it?
AS DEEP AS FORGETFULNESS. AS DARK AS THE DEVIL'S SOUL.
And at the bottom?
DUST. MILES AND MILES OF DUST.
Dust...of what?
YOU CAN'T GUESS?
No. Tell me.
OF BONES. MILLIONS OF BONES.
THOSE ON TOP ARE NEARLY INTACT. THE OTHERS—SHATTERED BY THE FALL, CRUSHED BY THE WEIGHT OF THOSE THAT FOLLOWED—ARE DUST.
"THEY CAME BY THE MILLIONS, JUDITH—IN WEAK, POISONED, DYING BODIES THAT COULD NO LONGER TOLERATE THE WORLD THEY'D MADE."
"THEY CAME TO DIE...AND TO LIVE. THEIR INTELLECTS WOULD SURVIVE THE TRANSFORMATION, PERHAPS FOREVER."
"And their souls, Angel?"
8

"AH WELL. WHAT IS A SOUL"
"Did their souls survive?"
"FOR A TIME.
"IF THE SOUL- WHATEVER IT WAS- COULD SURVIVE DEATH SURELY IT COULD SURVIVE THE PT
"THE DENMEONTESS SPENT THE NEXT FEW CENTURIES ON THE PHYSICAL PLANE BUT IN A SUBSTANTIALLY ALTERED FORM- AS BUBBLES IN THE MEMORY OF A VAST CONTINENT-SPANNING COMPUTER.
THE CONCEPT OF IDENTITY WAS ERODED, NEARLY LOST IN THE MINGLING OF ELECTRONS
"EVENTUALLY THIS EXISTENCE TOO WAS THREATENED. THIS TIME BY THE INVADING NIMBI FRANTICALLY THE DENMEONTESS SEARCHED FOR INFORMATION THAT COULD SAVE THEM
7

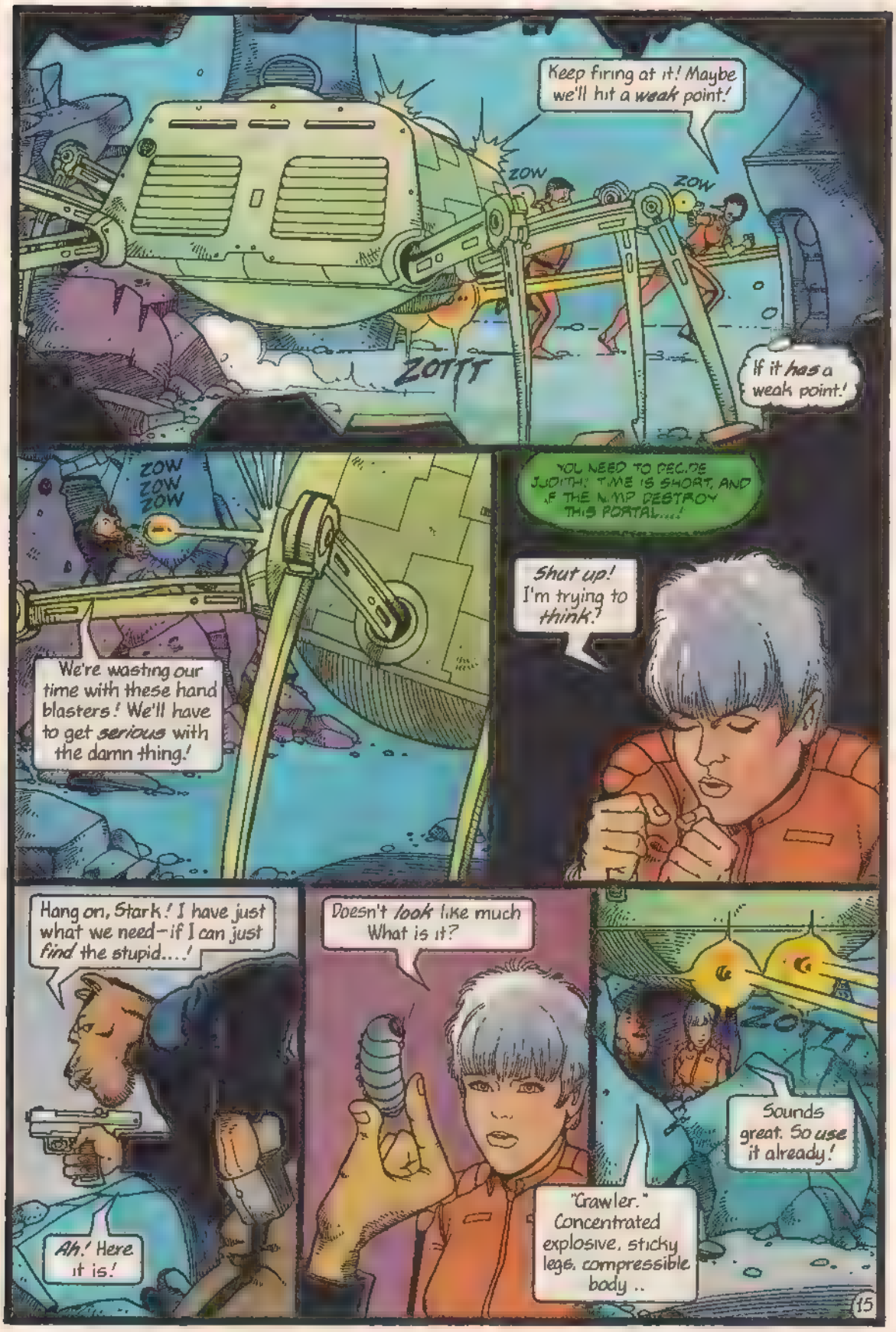
"JUST AS THE NMP LAUNCHED THEIR ATTACK, THE DEMMEONITES FLED INTO SUB-SPACE."
THERE THEY EXISTED FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY WITH NO PHYSICAL NEEDS, NO DEMANDS, NO PURPOSE.
And no souls.
CORRECT. THE DEMMEONITES LEARNED TOO LATE...
...THAT "SOUL" IS TOUCHING. SHARING THE PLEASURE AND PAIN OF OTHERS. STRIVING TOWARD SOMETHING BEYOND YOURSELF. BIGGER THAN YOUR OWN EXISTENCE.
FREED OF ALL PHYSICAL CONNECTION- PHYSICAL NEED- THE DEMMEONITES FOUND IMMORTALITY. AND LOST THEIR SOULS.
So how do they exist in sub-space? What do they ...look like?
THEY ARE NOTHING, LESS SUBSTANTIAL THAN LIGHT. THEY HAVE NO APPEARANCE AT ALL.
ONLY IN THE PRESENCE OF A PHYSICAL MIND CAN THEY BE "SEEN." AND THEN, THEY MAY LOOK LIKE. ANYTHING.
Even...like an angel.
YES. I'M SORRY.
YOU HAD TO LET ME INTO YOUR MIND. WE KNEW YOU WOULD NEVER ADMIT A "MONSTER."


Why have you led me here? What is it you want from me?
YOUR PEOPLE ARE IN GREAT DANGER YOURS AND THE CANDANS THE SECRETS OF SUB-SPACE ARE STILL ACCESSIBLE THROUGH THE COMPUTER
WE CAN'T ALLOW THE NIMPO TO DISCOVER THEM
"You mean, how to build the sub-space drive?
"THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING YOU CAN'T ENVISION ALL THE POSSIBILITIES."
"MAGNETRE SOLAR SYSTEMS COLLAPSING INTO THEIR SUNS. MAGNE GALAXIES FOLDING INFINITELY UPON THEMSELVES MAGNE BLACK HOLES DEVOURING."
"Never mind I get the idea"
"THE COMPUTER WAS TO BE DESTROYED AS WE FLED DEMMEIN BUT THE DESTRUCT-MECHANISM FAILED
"So you returned through me—to finish the job"
CORRECT"
Why me?
YOU WERE THE BEST RECEPTOR, AND WE THOUGHT, YOU MIGHT BE WILLING TO MAKE THE SACRIFICE.
11

YOU SEE, OLD TH THE DESTRUCTMECHAN ISM CAN ONLY BE ACTIVATED FROM INSIDE THE COMPUTER
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET THERE
The pit
Hold it, Stark You're under arrest
Dal!
Watch her, Dal. She might make a run for it.
I was afraid we'd lost you in in the storm! Oh, Dal. !
I have so much to tell you! There's so much to sort out!
Stark ..look. I can't let you run off whenever you please. I'm in charge of this mission...not your "angel."
Captain, I. .
Just a minute, then you can tell me all about it. But first..

...I'm putting you in Reverend Cole's custody until we return to the ship.
I'm sorry, Judith. We don't have any choice
Okay, .whatever you say. But listen to me....!
I know who-or at least what-the angels are! I understand now, and I know what they want me to do!
But I need time to think. to make some difficult decisions!
Of course. When we get back to the Lady, we'll give you all the time you need.
RUMBLE
KRASH
ZOT!
ZOT!
Dal! Everybody... look out!
What is it?!
Nimp assault vehicle! Head for cover!
13

ZOTT!
ZOTT!
ZOTT!
CCCRRRAAAK
RUMBLE!
The Captain...!
...and Stark! They'll be crushed!
(whew!)


Keep firing at it! Maybe we'll hit a weak point!
ZOW
ZOW
ZOTT
If it has a weak point!
ZOW ZOW ZOW
We're wasting our time with these hand blasters! We'll have to get serious with the damn thing!
YOU NEED TO DECIDE JUDITH! TIME IS SHORT, AND IF THE N'MP DESTROY THIS PORTAL....!
Shut up! I'm trying to think!
Hang on, Stark! I have just what we need—if I can just find the stupid....!
Ah! Here it is!
Doesn't look like much What is it?
"Crawler." Concentrated explosive, sticky legs, compressible body ..
ZOTT
Sounds great. So use it already!
15

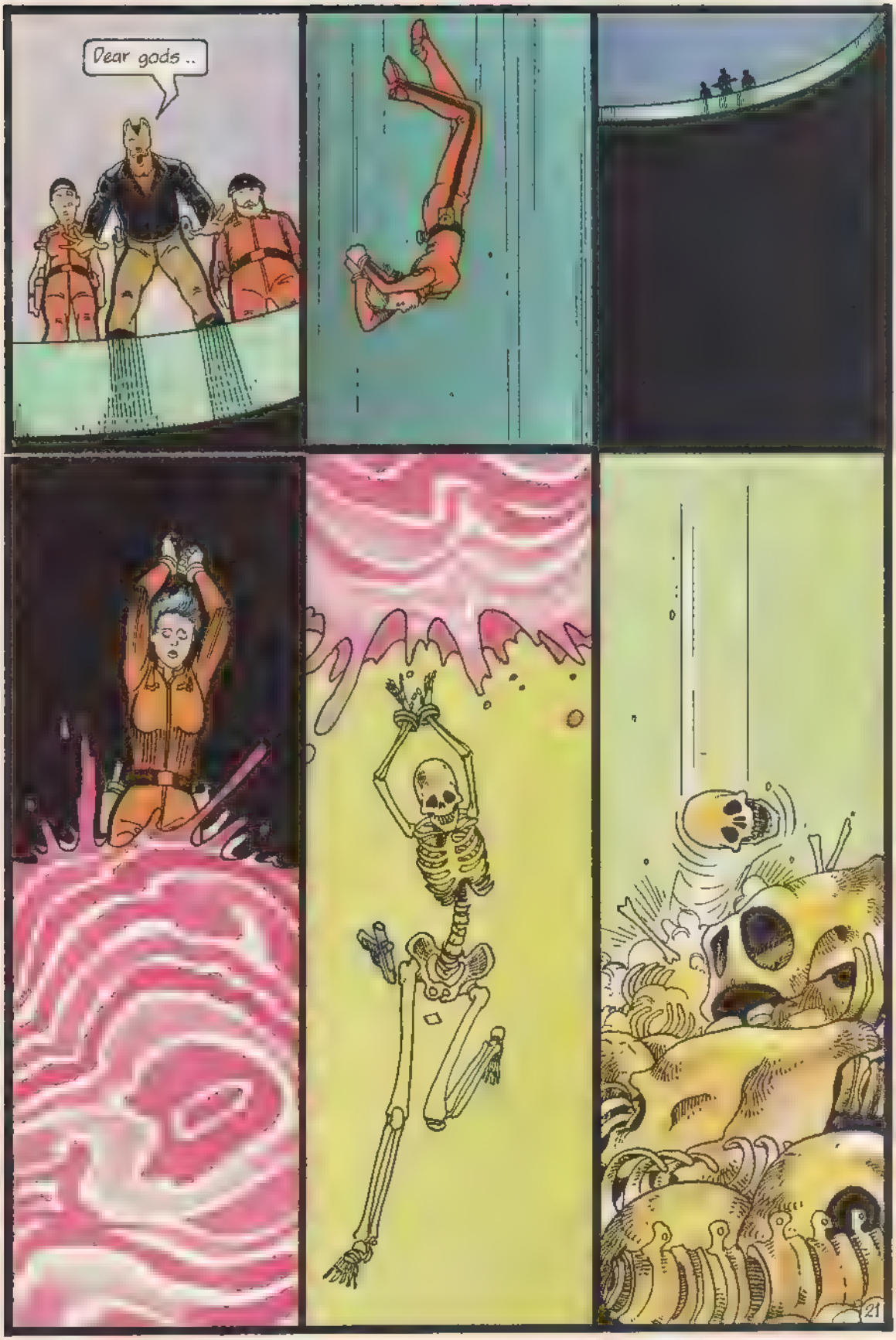
ZOW
ZOW
Unfortunately, crawlers have a really limited range ..!
MMPHHH
Looks like this vent ought to just pull off, if I could only get a grip...!
16

KLZZZT
Well, whatever works...
PTOOF
In you go, Tappity!
ZOTTT
TAPPITY-TAPPITY
ZOTT!
TAPPITY-TAPPITY-TAPPITY
ZOTT
ZOW ZOW ZOW ZOW ZOW
17

.. nine eight.. seven. .six. .
ZOTTT!
TAPPITY-TAPPITY
ZOTT-
TAPPITY-TAPPITY
KLIK-
BLANG

Gods! How'd that thing sneak up on us?
The scanner should've picked them up blocks ago!
?
WE MIGHT NOT GET ANOTHER CHANCE WITH, IF THEY TAKE YOU BACK TO THE SHIP. I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO.
No. That won't be necessary.
Did you say something, Stark?
Just thinking out loud Excuse me...
So long, everybody I...I love you all..
Stark!
Help me, Angel! I can't do it!
YES YOU CAN! JUST JUMP! IT DOESN'T HURT!
Stark! Where are you going?!
Stark!
19

Damn it, Stark! What'd you do that for?
I...can't hold on! You're slipping!
It's okay, Dal! This is what I have to do! It's my mission!
Gunner—pull us up! She's...she's...!
Goodbye, Dal
STARK!


Dear gods ..

She's gone, Dal.
FLESH AND BONES CONCLUDES NEXT ISSUE

Philosopher of the Panel

By Heidi MacDonald

If Jack Kirby, with his storm and stress, is the Beethoven of comics, and Hergé's effortless grace and clarity recall Mozart, then Osamu "Doc" Tezuka is the Johann Sebastian Bach of comics. Just as Bach's fugues unfold with an almost mystifying harmonic perfection, so Tezuka's work flows with an unsurpassed mastery of dramatic storytelling. Tezuka's art combines Herge's linearity with Kirby's dramatic exaggeration. Perhaps no other comics artist has ever used the basic symbols of the medium with such consummate skill.

Anyone who has watched Saturday cartoons in the past 25 years would recognize Tezuka's style, without even knowing who he is. Known as "the Walt Disney of Japan," it is Tezuka who virtually invented the style which we consider synonymous with Japanese animation—the big eyes, stylized hair cuts and youthful proportions. It is Tezuka who nearly singlehandedly turned the Japanese comics industry from half-hearted imitation of American comics to a thriving artform. His best known creations are "Astro Boy" (originally *Tetsuwan Atomu* or "The Mighty Atom," and the progenitor of all those vast hordes of Japanese robots that periodically invade the world) and "Kimba the White Lion" (*Jungle Tatei* or "Jungle Emperor"), but the Tezuka style of animation has loomed in greater and smaller measure over virtually everything that followed Japan, from Speed Racer to Robotech.

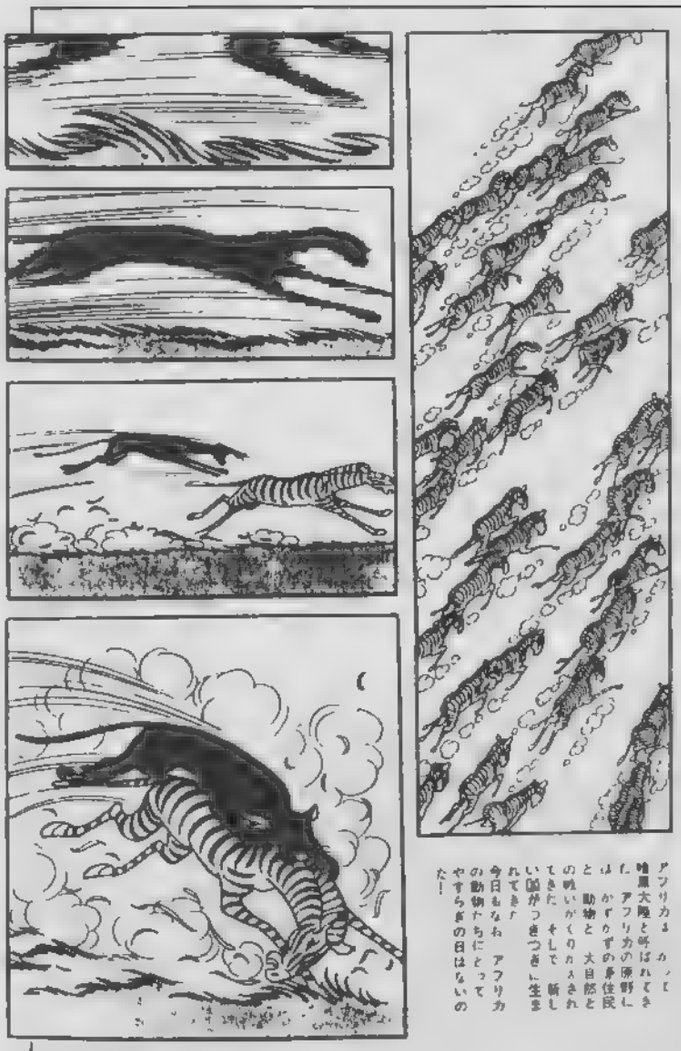
Before looking at Tezuka's career, a few words on the Japanese comics industry are in order. Comics—known as *manga* in Japan (a word coined by the great Japanese print maker Hogusai, by the way)—are popular to a degree that seems almost unbelievable in the US. There are hundreds of different titles, some of which sell as many as 4 million copies a *week*. The cartoonists of the most popular strips are cultural heroes and celebrities. Comics are a mass medium as acceptable and all-pervasive as television in Japan. Stories are serialized in weekly magazines and then collected into variously formatted collections, from small paperbacks on white paper to deluxe hard-covers. (For more information I urge readers to pick up Frederick Schodt's invaluable book *Manga! Manga!*, a superb look at comics in Japan that is surely one of the best English-language books on comics ever.)

Tezuka, born in 1926, was a moonlighting medical student in 1947 when his first comic work appeared, "New Tresure Island." Influenced heavily by Walt Disney films, Tezuka was determined to bring cinematic conventions to the comic strip. His first story hit the Japanese comics industry like a shockwave, revitalizing an artform that, like Japan itself, was still recovering from World War II. Like

Kirby, Tezuka pioneered many different comics genres—funny animals in "Jungle Tatei," giant robots/science fiction in "Tetsuwan," girls' historical romance comics in "Princess Knight." In later works, such as his biography of *Buddha* and still-unfinished *Phoenix*, Tezuka goes beyond the bounds of genre to explore spiritual and religious themes which American comics have rarely dared to approach.

Recognized as a "sensei," the master of a new tradition, by the 1950's Tezuka had gathered together a school of disciples and assistants who would later become household names in their own right—including Reiji "Space Cruiser Yamato" Matsumoto, and the duo of Fujio-Fujiko and Shotari Ishimori. However, as popular as he was in comics, animation continued to exert a powerful

All art © 1986 TEZUKA



fascination for Tezuka. In the early '60s he formed his own studio, Mushi Productions, which produced the cartoon versions of Kimba and Astro Boy which American children of the '60s are so familiar with.

Tezuka has had his ups and downs in the '70s and '80s. Mushi eventually went bankrupt and a live action Phoenix movie was a distinct disappointment (though a later cartoon version was a success). His current comics work is heavily aided by assistants, and some say that Tezuka has fallen out of fashion. Yet he remains a revered figure to readers worldwide and continues to influence new generations of artists as one of the most dynamic figures in the history of comics.

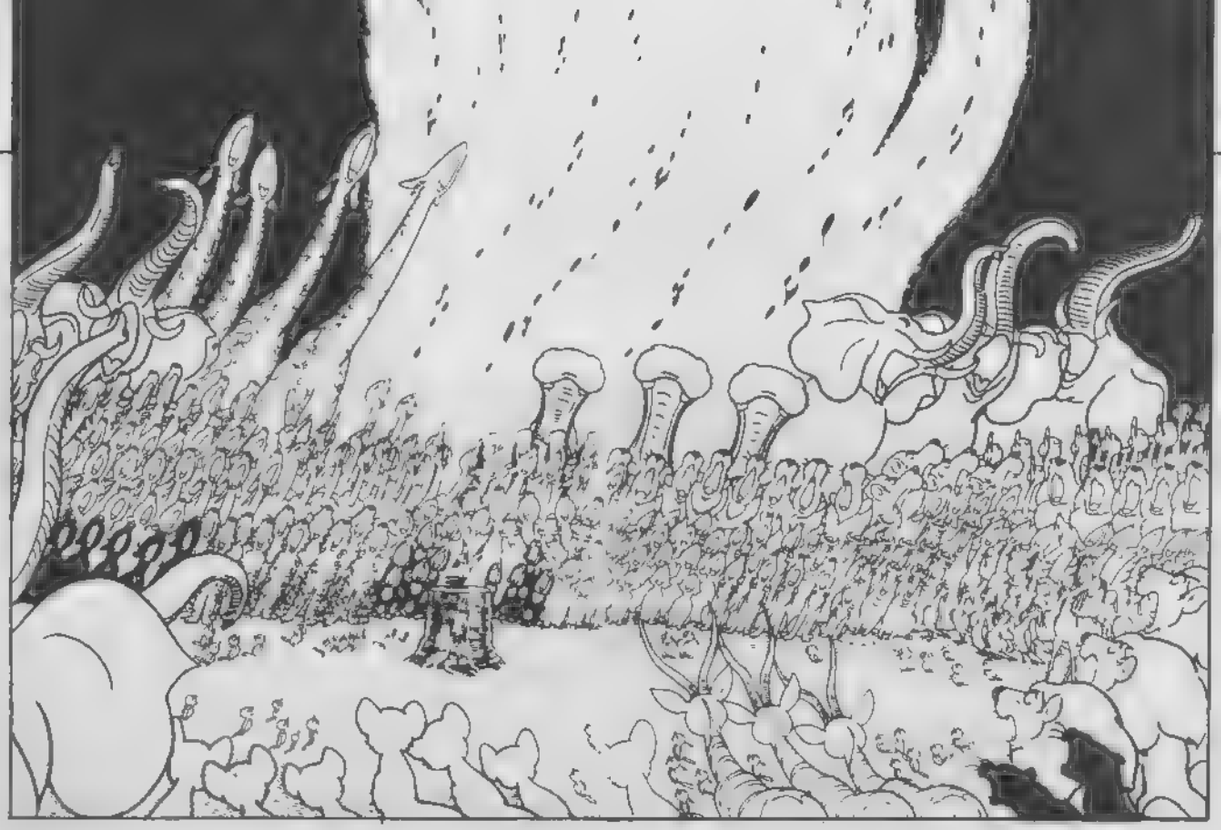
Non-Japanese readers attempting to acquaint themselves with Tezuka's work will find it a frustrating task. In the first place, virtually none of his work has been translated into English. In the second place, the original Japanese comics are next to impossible to find outside of cities with the best-stocked Japanese book stores. (While Robotech comics material is fairly plentiful in American SF/comics circles, Tezuka remains a cult figure.)

Therefore, the best I can do is attempt to explain the miracle of his art, and hope that it inspires a few to seek it out.

To American eyes, Tezuka's work may at first appear overly "cartoony." Indeed there is a certain Disneyfied aspect to it which may strike some as cutesy. Since we can't "read" these comics (though some editions have less-than-revelatory story synopses in English) we can only judge by the visual storytelling, and it is here that Tezuka is transcendent. Like Carl Barks—the American comics artist who most closely resembles Tezuka in the texture of his work—Tezuka's comics stories are perfect storyboards. The very cartooniness of the characters is the secret of their incredible expressivity.

While Hergé also possesses a perfection of storytelling, he rarely if ever uses comics exaggerations—speed lines, sound effects, etc. are all used in what can only be called the most refined way, and when the occasional visual metaphor does appear, it stands out all the more. Not so with Tezuka, where speeding figures become nothing but blurs of lines against the motionless background, and huge sound effects fill up entire panels, the (to our eyes anyway) unfamiliar calligraphy taking on meanings unrelated to the sense of the words.

So-called "cinematic" comics storytelling devices—held shots, cross cuts, wordless sequences, expressionistic page design—abound in Tezuka's work. His sense of when to pull back, when to close in tight, his selection of every angle to convey the meaning of each scene, is almost unerring. No comics artist has ever come close to the power of Tezuka's use of the splash page. When he moves away from the small panel for a full page panorama, the background beautifully



rendered to the horizon, it is indeed a story point worthy of this magnitude.

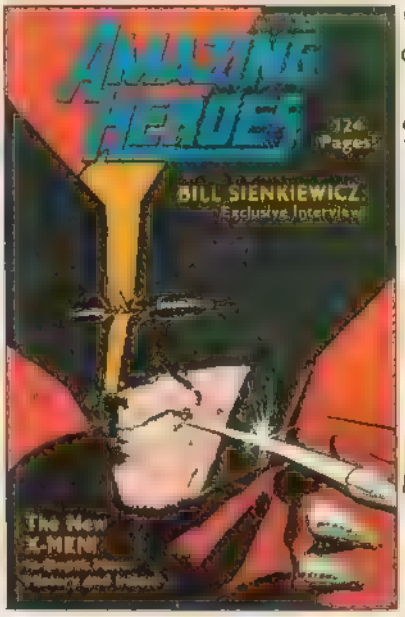
But beyond this is the very depth of the stories to which Tezuka applies his skills. The three-volume *Jungle Tatei* is an epic multi-generational saga, moving from the animals' kingdom in the heart of the African jungle, to the ominously bustling cities of man, to the remote mountain wilderness. Who can forget the scene where Kimba finds his father's skin hanging in a cave (paralleled at the very end when Kimba's son, Lune, receives Kimba's pelt), or Lune's fantasy of urban glamor in the second volume, culminating in a haunting splash page, or Kimba's heroic death on Mt. Moon (a scene which never fails to bring a lump to the throat).

Tezuka's lifework remains *Phoenix*, thus far unfinished, which runs to nine volumes and traces various spiritual themes through history. (A brief excerpt from this work, which doesn't begin to do justice to the book's scope, appears in English in *Manga! Manga!*). Here, even for those unable to understand the *literary* part of the equation, Tezuka's art is positively visionary in its uncanny perfection. In telling of the carving competition between Akanemaru, the honorable and heroic master carver, and Gao, the hideously mutilated and deformed robber-rapist, Tezuka's art reaches to the very limits of the medium. Gao and Akanemaru's paths cross again and again, Akanemaru's academic skill overshadowed by the pure energy and vitality of Gao's spirit, leading to an ending of tragedy and conflagration. There are scenes here of unforgettable power, horror, and lyricism, and a story full of philosophical questions—though here, admittedly, translation is sorely needed.

It is probably in subject matter that Tezuka has not only equalled but surpassed American comics. It is hard to think of any comics creator who has ever dared to tackle such spiritual themes as Tezuka has in his best work. This is probably fundamental to the difference between the Eastern and Western comics traditions (American and European comics are very closely related, after all, at least when viewed next to manga.) In manga, the storytelling devices which we associate purely with superheroes—in fact the very conventions of "action comics"—are applied to *every* conceivable activity, from samurai duels to mah jongg! There are no boundaries to what is acceptable subject matter. And in his innate understanding of the tension of movement from panel to panel, there is no question but that Tezuka deserves the name of "Manga no Kamisama"—The God of Comics.

Of course, it's unwise to attempt a serious discussion of the most masterful and influential comics creators without speaking of Alex Toth, Will Eisner, Carl Barks, Harvey Kurtzman, and Robert Crumb, but that's a whole 'nother set of text pages, isn't it? Still, these, in (very) brief, are the three most influential figures in the history of the comic book medium. Two of these "gods" are very much alive and still creating new works for us mere mortals to enjoy and learn from. And learn from them we do—for those who strive to take the comics medium to the achievement of its potential can only strive towards heights that have already been glimpsed by Jack Kirby, Hergé and Osamu Tezuka.

DO WE REALLY NEED TWO MAGAZINES ABOUT THE WORLD OF COMIC BOOKS . . .?



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HOW!
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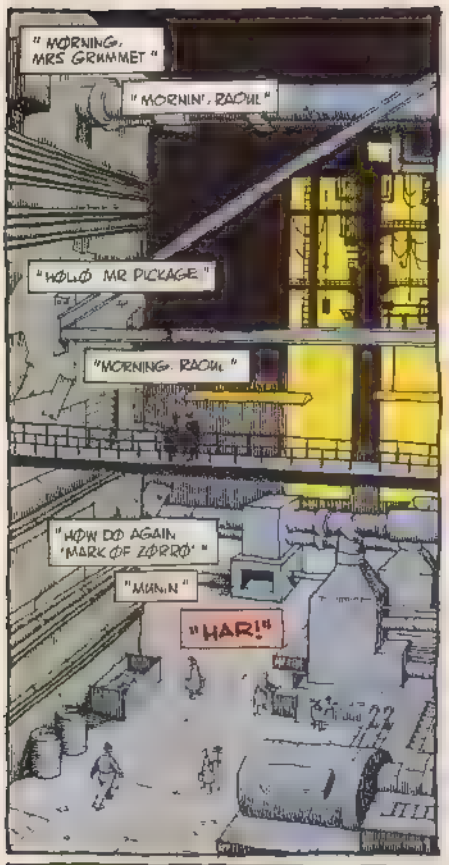
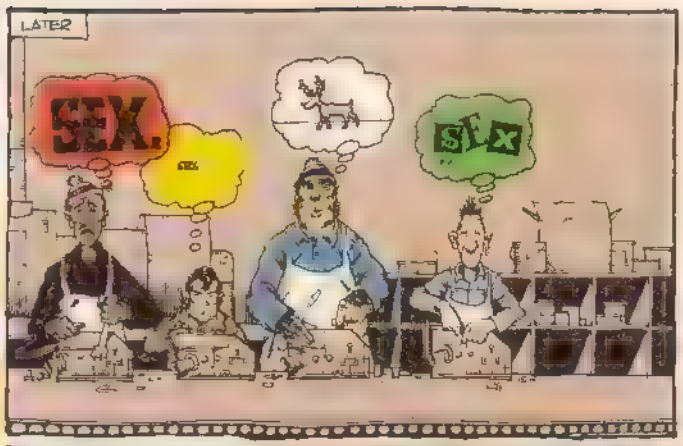
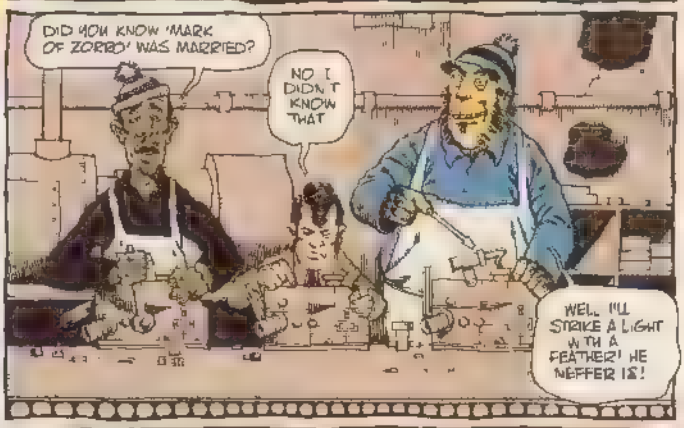
RAOUL'S NIGHT OUT
PART ONE BY A MOORE and S PARKHOUSE

MORNING "MARK OF ZORRO"
MMNN
HAHAR!
GUCHUNK
GUCHUNK!
MORNING BIG NIGEL LITTLE NIGEL STANLEY GEORGE AND COLIN COUNCIL ESTATE
HOW ARE YOUR LEGS GETTING OVER WITH THE WIFE OLD MATES?
HAR!
MORNIN RADAL
HAR!
GUCHUNK!
GUCHUNK
GUCHUN
GUCHUN


" MORNING, MRS GRUMMET "
" MORNIN', RAOUL "
" HOLD MR PICKAGE "
"MORNING. RAOUL "
" HOW DO AGAIN 'MARK OF ZORRO' "
" MORNIN "
" HAR! "

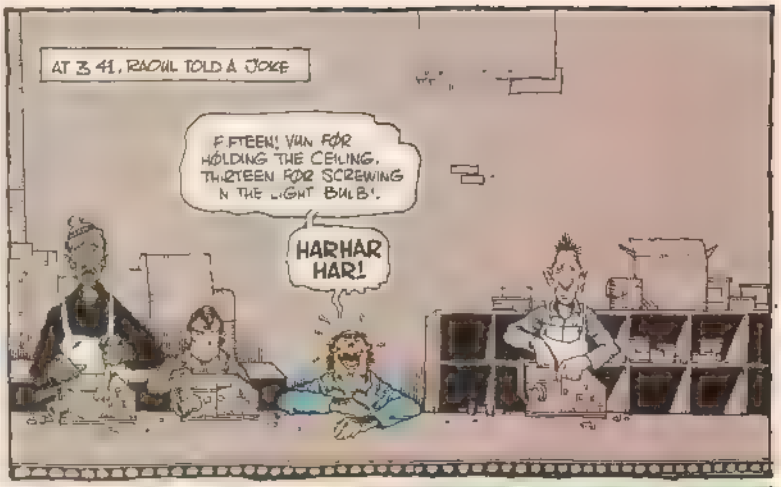

LATER
SEX.
SEX
SEX


DID YOU KNOW 'MARK OF ZORRO' WAS MARRIED?
NO I DIDN'T KNOW THAT
WELL I'LL STRIKE A LIGHT WITH A FEATHER! HE NEFFER IS!

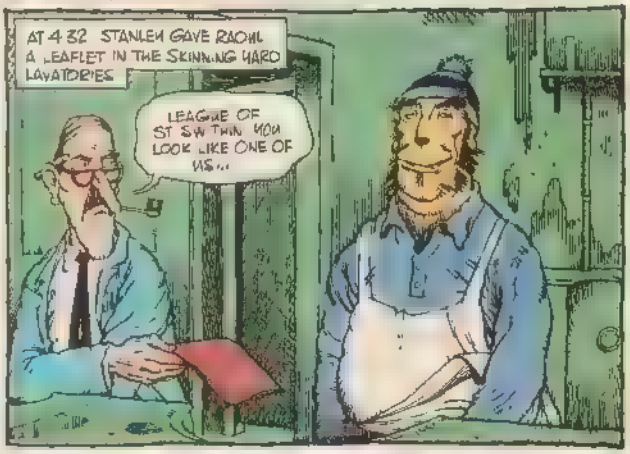
S'RIGHT TAKIN' HER TO THE FIRM DINNER TONIGHT
EVERY DAY YOU FIND OUT SOMETHING DIFFERENT
FIRM DINNER? TONIGHT?
I HAD FORGOTTEN' QUICK COUN COUNCIL ESTATE' LOOK IN YOUR MUSICAL POP-SINGER DIARY WHAT'S TODAY?
FIFTEENTH
OH AND CHRIST ASKING FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON, IS THERE A FULL MOON TONIGHT?
NER NEW MOON
ARR!

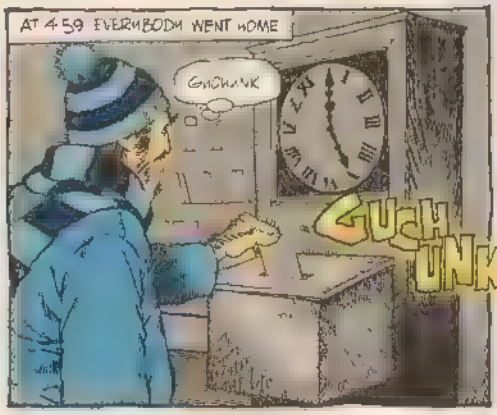
HAR! THEN RAOUL'S COMING ALSO, TO PAINT THE TOWN UPS DE DOWN!
SEX.
SEX
KILLING THE PRIME MINISTER

AT 2 29 LITTLE NIGEL ASKED GEORGE A QUESTION
GEORGE DID YOU KNOW 'MARK OF ZORRO' WAS MARRIED?


AT 3 41, RAOUL TOLD A JOKE
FIFTEEN! VUN FOR HOLDING THE CEILING, THIRTEEN FOR SCREWING IN THE LIGHT BULB!.
HARHAR HAR!

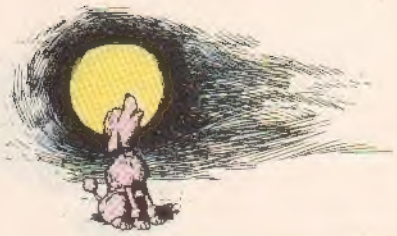
AT 4 07 A HAMMOCKING DIN CAME LOOSE AND BIG NIGEL LOST A FINGER
AAYEEEAAARRGHH!


AT 4 32 STANLEY GAVE RAOUL A LEAFLET IN THE SKINNING HARD LAVATORIES
LEAGUE OF ST SWITHIN YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF US...

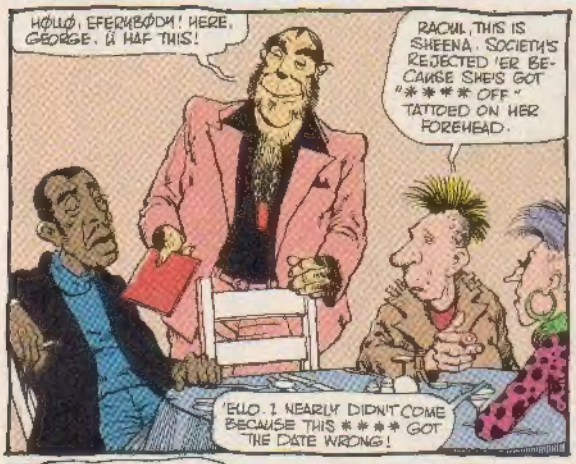

AT 4 59 EVERYBODY WENT HOME
GNOMANK
GUSH UNK!

TOOTH TOOTH TOO MUNCH BUNCH BOO...

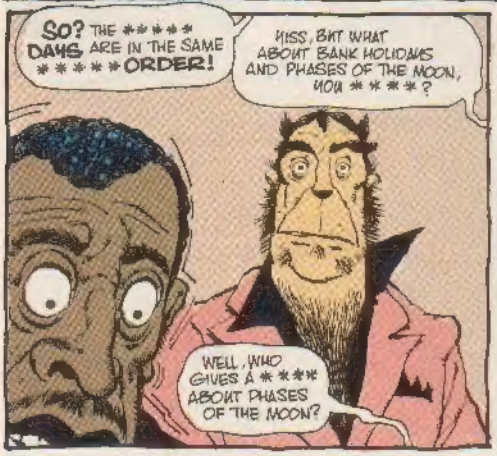
AT HOME...
♫ TONIGHT THERE WILL BE NO MORNING STAR... ♫
RACHL'S IN THE BATHROOM. HE'S SINGING 'WEST SIDE STORY'!
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GO TO THE BATHROOM ALL DAY!
WHY IS EVERYBODY SO STUPID?
AH, WELL, HE'S GOING OUT, MA POPPET. FIRM'S DINNER.
HAR! THEY DIDN'T INVITE ME, DID THEY? DO YOU KNOW WHY?
I'LL TELL YOU! IT'S BECAUSE I'M NOT AFRAID TO BE MYSELF, BUT THEY WOULD BE IF THEY WERE ME!
WELL, YES, I SUPPOSE THEY WOULD...
BUT THEN AGAIN, YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT YOU DON'T ACTUALLY WORK THERE, MA LOVE...
RIGHTY HO, EVERYBODY!
I AM OFF NOW TO GO TO THE TOILET UP AGAINST THE WALL, AS THEY SAY!
GUDBYE!
SLAMM!
WHO WAS THAT?

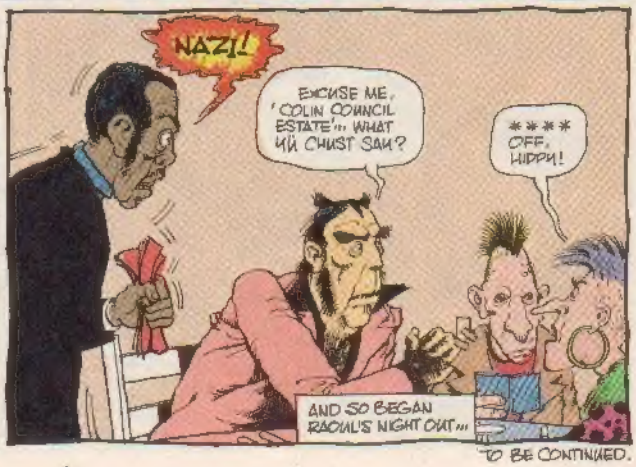


UNITY, THIS IS RAOUL ZLÜDØTNH. IT'S ALRIGHT ... HE'S ONE OF US NOW. EH, RAOUL?
OH HA! SPECIAL HANDSHAKES, HEINRICH HIMMLER. RIGHTY HO!
GOOD MAN. JUST PASS THE LEAFLET ON TO A FRIEND WHEN YOU'VE READ IT...


HØLLØ, EFERYBØDY! HERE, GEORGE. Ü HAF THIS!
RAOUL, THIS IS SHEENA. SOCIETY'S REJECTED 'ER BECAUSE SHE'S GOT "**** OFF" TATTOED ON HER FOREHEAD.
'ELLO. I NEARLY DIDN'T COME BECAUSE THIS **** GOT THE DATE WRONG!

PRETTY FØNNY STØFF, EH?
I DIDN'T! IT'S HERE IN MY ***** DIARY!
COLIN, YOUR ***** DIARY IS FOUR ***** YEARS OLD! YOU HAVEN'T BOUGHT ONE SINCE THE *** PISTOLS DISBANDED!
Did Himmler Discover Racism?


SO? THE ***** DAYS ARE IN THE SAME ***** ORDER!
YISS, BUT WHAT ABOUT BANK HOLIDAYS AND PHASES OF THE MOON, YOU ****?
WELL, WHO GIVES A **** ABOUT PHASES OF THE MOON?



TO BE CONTINUED.

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